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temperament of a few men, through the failure of negotiations which the wisdom of a Baron von Eckardstein might with a little more time and a little better support have prevented. "Though there were clever and competent officials in the Wilhelmstrasse," writes the Baron, "they were kept under by the favored fools. *For which we paid the bill at Versailles on the 29th of June, 1919.*" The latter statement seems a bit sweeping.

But when one has discounted fully every possible partizan bias as well as the natural tendency of the author to magnify diplomatic causes and effects, the fact remains that Baron von Eckardstein's narrative and his documents seem to prove certain immensely important general conclusions beyond reasonable doubt. The "encirclement of Germany" was a policy adopted by England only as a last resort—and then only as a defensive measure. On four separate occasions England was ready for an alliance with Germany upon reasonable terms. The author describes the overtures of Lord Salisbury to the Kaiser in the summer of 1895, those of Chamberlain to Count Hatzfeld in the spring of 1898, those of Chamberlain to von Eckardstein in the autumn of 1899, and finally the culminating effort—"the turning point in the history of the world"—which took place between the middle of March and the end of May, 1901. It is astonishing to learn how ripe all conditions appeared for such an alliance—that King Edward stood in the way, the author declares to be utterly false—and to see how promising, to all appearances, was the prospect of success.

"History shows," writes Baron von Eckardstein in conclusion, "that the German people is temperamentally pacific, and that it can only be drifted into war as the result of such misdirection as that of the Wilhelminic era." This "misdirection" is a large and somewhat euphemistic term, connoting causes deeper than any that the author adverts to. Perhaps *education* would be a better term, and it is possible that the roots of this education might be found in that Bismarckian era which the author admires. But such criticism apart, this book of Baron von Eckardstein's is notable and important, not because it stigmatizes Holstein or repictures from new points of view the alternate folly and sanity of the Kaiser, but because it is a singularly clear, downright and full justification of England's policy toward Germany prior to the war, giving the lie direct to many important allegations of the German war propaganda.

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MOUNTED JUSTICE. By Katherine Mayo. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

There is no falling-off in the quality of the stories contained in this the third book that Miss Mayo has written about the Pennsylvania Mounted Police. Seldom has better material for stories been placed at the disposal of an author than has fallen to her lot—plots that it would tax the ingenuity of a Conan Doyle to invent, tricks of the trade not generally known to the public, and above all the greatest wealth and variety of human types. In the present

volume, for example, we meet the clever Kidnapper, "the Crank" of the famous Coughlin case, the "Neil" Brothers, typical "bad men" of Waynesboro up in the hills; the good-looking wastrel "Joe Lasalle", who turned murderer; the cheap sport "Edward McDonald", who becomes an incendiary and is betrayed by his patent leather shoes; the half-comic half pathetic boy, "Ray Bingham" who, in true dime-novel fashion, terrorized a whole region and nearly succeeded in blackmailing a fire-warden. All these and many more are portrayed with abundant knowledge and real acumen. In all this there is no repetition; one never tires of these narratives simply as exciting stories.

Every good story, however, has more than one level of interest, is written, as it were in three-part harmony. And it is upon the adjustment and proper subordination of various emotional elements that its real effect depends. Miss Mayo's fictions, stirring enough in their mere sequence of events, have an adequate depth and a just emphasis. Besides knowing her criminal types, she understands with a wise sympathy the victims of crime—the misused women, the defenseless children. She makes one realize what it means to be alone and unprotected even in communities charitably supposed to be civilized. And beneath all this, the emotional underpinning of the story, is a profound love of Law and Order. Interwoven into every narrative as strongly and as deftly as the creed of British imperialism is entwined with Kipling's stories of India is belief in the majesty of the law and in the potency of courage when it is backed by such belief. Thus the stories, encomiums as they are upon the valor and devotion of the State Constabulary, never seem to sound the note of mere hero-worship. Their three-fold appeal is irresistible, and it is all done in the truest style of fiction, making equal use of fact, constructive skill, and that human instinct which is, after all, the story-writer's most essential endowment.

One is inclined to think that no better propaganda work has ever been done than that which Miss Mayo has performed for the Pennsylvania State Police. It is all the more effective because it is not, after all, propaganda in any ordinary sense but genuine story-telling undertaken from a true literary impulse and backed by a sincere belief. The union of the two motives amounts to inspiration. Not one writer in twenty who could tell the stories effectively could do so without sacrificing something of the fine spirit that informs them; not one in a hundred who could make the facts impressive and could give life to the conception of law and order could accomplish these results without in some degree spoiling the stories.

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PAINTED WINDOWS. By A Gentleman with a Duster, author of *The Mirrors of Downing Street*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Since the remarkable writer who styles himself "A Gentleman with a Duster" begins his new book with the announcement that he is seeking to discover a reason "for the present rather ignoble situation of the Church in the